

## She's the one, baby. by drabbleshereandthere

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Cuddling & Snuggling, Daddy Issues, Established Relationship, F/M, Hurt/Comfort, I can't tag, Implied/Referenced Abuse, Implied/Referenced Child Abuse, Implied/Referenced Underage Sex, Kissing, Needy Billy, Referenced NSFW, Soft!Billy, i live for soft boys, sorry lmao, which is ok

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Billy Hargrove's Mother, Neil Hargrove, Reader

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove x Reader, Billy Hargrove/Original Female Character(s), Billy Hargrove/You

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**Chapters:** 1

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**Summary:**

Billy is dealing with a lot more from his father than usual, and he needs you. Just you. Nothing more, nothing less.

## **She's the one, baby.**

### **Author's Note:**

I haven't written in soooo long and I'm happy to push this out. It's decent.

Feedback is top notch. :)

!!!!REQUESTS ARE ALWAYS OPEN!!!!

He wanted a break with you. Even if only for 5 minutes, Billy wanted time to touch your skin, hear your breathing, look you in the eyes, and kiss you. When your chest would raise with each breath, and your eyes wore low lids, he knew he'd achieved his goal. That's what he wanted. Billy's father had become an overwhelming weight on his shoulders lately-he could tell Neil was frigid about something. Every little mistake became another beating. And another, and another, and another. He knew the only way to relieve that weight was you. No matter what it was that you did, it always seemed to help, even if you couldn't stop the problem completely. When he was in your arms- that was all anything was. He was in your arms, and that's all he needed to focus on, that's all he wanted to focus on. So, yes, he did want- more like need- a break.

It was late Friday night. You were ready to sleep and retire into the confines of your bed. It had to be almost 12; you'd stayed up trying to complete homework that hadn't gotten done due to a certain someone. Billy had a tendency to take you away from school work so you both could "relax". Which was actually just code for sitting in his car, driving until he pulled over and showered you in hickeys. You recalled a moment only earlier this week where he pulled you from your studies to kiss you until your lips were swollen and red. You tried to resist but his temptations were too strong. Again. "C'mon baby, you know you need a little break every now and then. Besides, don't you want my mouth on you, Y/N?" He's whispered the last part in your ear. Dirty bastard. And so he'd managed to woo you into "relaxing". When it was over, he wore that same cocky grin he always did after he made his mark on you, the one that said-"Damn, I did a good job." Then, he'd run that sinful tongue across his lower lip and kiss down your jaw, to your neck with only light trails of his

tongue left with each kiss.

Although Billy was crowned keg king, teasing seemed to be another one of his talents. He'd leave you hot after he reached the swell of your breasts. Although he acted like he didn't know what he was doing, his eyes painted a different picture. Riling you up was something he took pleasure in. The chase and buildup was his favorite part. As much as you knew he loved teasing, he's been noticeably needy as of late. So when he showed up outside your window with droopy eyes and a tight smile, you were beginning to piece things together. When you opened up your window sill, he came through slowly and walked up to you, nose to nose. You tried to step back to get a good look at him, but he gripped your hips with a tight squeeze and tightly smiled once again. "Need you babe." His voice was low, gruff, and sleep ridden. You could tell he'd been avoiding sleep, and needed you right now. When you met eyes, you could see his puffy bags. You decided not to say anything though. Him coming to you was courage enough.

It didn't take a miracle to tell that he'd been having problems with his father again. Your breath left your lips slowly as you gave him a warm smile, and brought your hands to his cheeks, and met his lips to yours. He let a breath out through his nose as he pushed further into the tender kiss, but just as he did, you pulled back. "I'm gonna go get you some of that candy you like that's in the tin downstairs, and you're gonna wrap up in a blanket and lay down for me, okay?" Billy's eyebrows furrowed in protest but before he could voice it, you'd already turned around walking. You'd only made it 4 steps before your body was stuck in bulky arms with a head rested lazily on your shoulder. You sighed, and started to speak, but he beat you to it. "Just need you." A pause. "Okay baby, okay."

You pried his arms from your waist and grabbed his hand in yours, and led him to lay down in the bed. You gestured for him to lay down- he did- and then you lay next to him, pulling him into your chest and whispered to him, "I love you." Billy simply hums in acknowledgement- seemingly already fallen asleep- and nuzzled further into your chest. You smiled and pet his head, softly singing the first lyrics of *her* song. His mother's. Even though he'd drifted in your arms, that's what put him asleep, and allows his body to

untense. Before he fell under completely- you just barely heard him say it. A muffled mumble, if that's even possible. "Love you."

Nothing went how he expected it to- he wasn't the one holding you, and you weren't the one who's chest rose with each kiss, and was needy for him. He knew that all those things weren't needed. Just you. Though, that realization came a while ago. Billy just wasn't able to admit it, until now. You were his safe haven.

He woke up before you that morning. The window he came in from last night was still open. A warm breeze was flowing in through the open space. Thin rays of light peaked through the blinds on the upper half of the window, and he was content. It seemed that you were still asleep, and as he watched your face, there were no signs of distress. Heaven only knew how thankful he was for you. He unwrapped himself from your arms and let his hand slide under your head, his fingers sliding through your smooth tresses. Your brows creased in protest at the sudden movement but rested back in their normal state when he let you still. He gently rubbed his thumb over your temple and leaned down to press his lips to yours. When they touched, your eyes fluttered open, and your hands had come up to wrap around his neck. You both pulled apart and a smile graced your lips, along with weighted lids that donned your eyes.

Billy appreciated you so much, more than anyone else on the Earth. He wondered if you knew. And if you didn't, god may strike him down, for mistreating one of his angels. You were an angel, Billy was sure. *"Good morning, Billy."*

And as you said that, he was also sure, he could hear his mother's voice. Telling him he's done well, and that he's going to be truly happy. He doesn't have to worry anymore. He smiled, and tears that had been held back for the longest time, came flowing. Tears of joy, for once. He was happy. You were concerned that he was crying; gripping his face and trying to get him to explain. But her voice kept repeating in his head, and all he could do was pull you tighter and cry.

*"She's the one, baby."*

**Author's Note:**

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(Thanks for taking the time to read this)